

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

4-23-2016

Elective Recital: Matthew Coveney, tenor; Julia Gershkoff, soprano; Anastasia Sereda, soprano

Matthew Coveney

Julia Gershkoff

Anastasia Sereda

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Coveney, Matthew; Gershkoff, Julia; and Sereda, Anastasia, "Elective Recital: Matthew Coveney, tenor; Julia Gershkoff, soprano; Anastasia Sereda, soprano" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1792.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1792

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Elective Recital:

Matthew Coveney, tenor

Julia Gershkoff, soprano

Anastasia Sereda, soprano

Maddy Parkes, piano

Ben Pawlak, piano

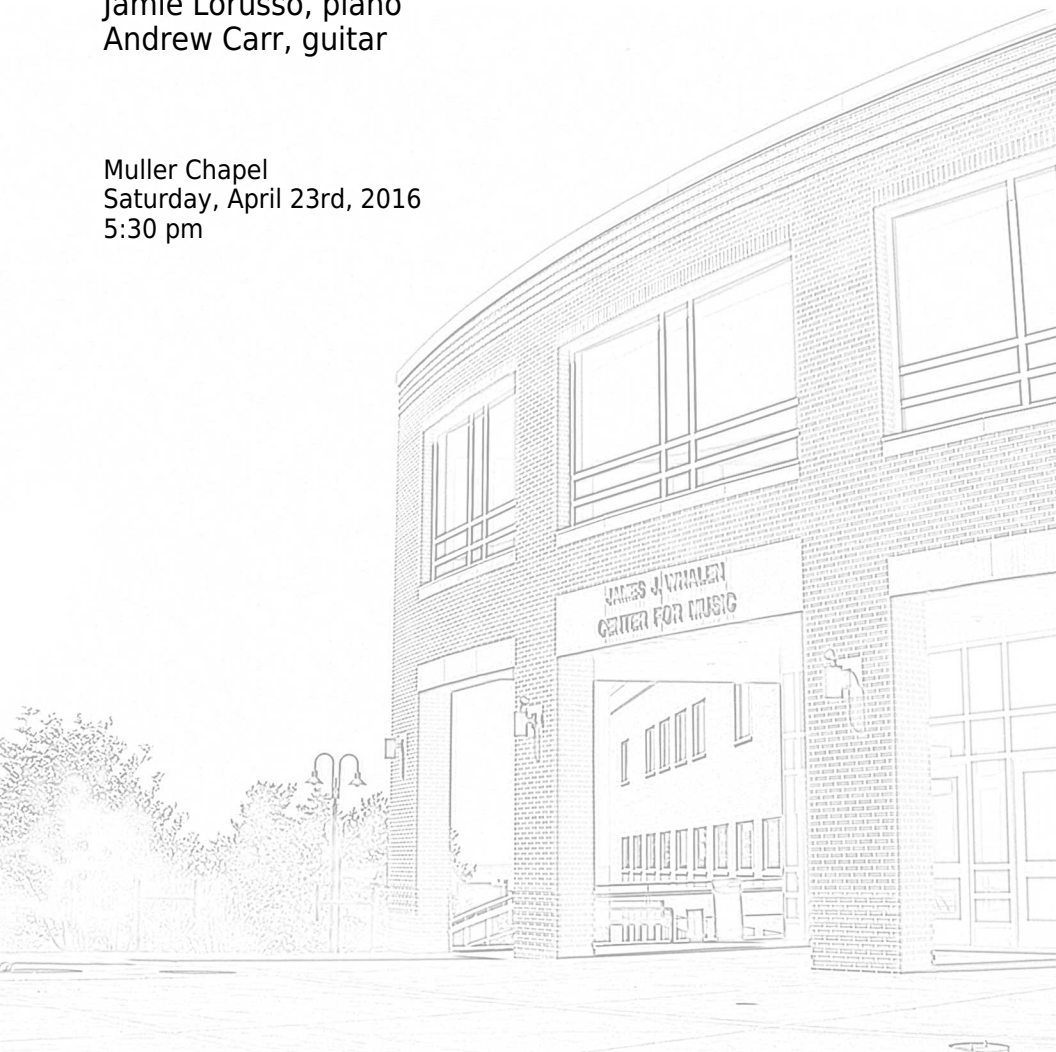
Jamie Lorusso, piano

Andrew Carr, guitar

Muller Chapel

Saturday, April 23rd, 2016

5:30 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Not a Day Goes By (Reprise)
from *Merrily We Roll Along* Stephen Sondheim
(1930 -)

Der Einsame Franz Schubert
(1797 - 1828)

Neue Liebe Felix Mendelssohn
(1809 - 1847)

Wie Unglücklich bin ich nit
Vedrai, carino W.A. Mozart
from *Don Giovanni* (1756 - 1791)

Il fervido desiderio Vincenzo Bellini
(1801 - 1835)

L'esule Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Pastorello d'un povero armento
from *Rodelinda* G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Mandoline Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

C Francis Poulenc
(1899 - 1963)

Air de Phryné
from *Phryné* Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Pause

Always Better Jason Robert Brown
from *Bridges of Madison Country* (1970 -)
I'd Rather Be Sailing William Finn
from *A New Brain* (1952 -)

Ombra di nube Licinio Refice
(1883 - 1954)

La fioraia fiorentina Gioachino Rossini
(1792 - 1868)

Sweet Suffolk Owl Richard Hundley
(1931 -)

Ecstasy Amy Beach
(1867 - 1944)

At the Well Richard Hageman
(1881 - 1966)

Matthew Coveney, Julia Gershkoff, and Anastasia Sereda are from the studio
of Marc Webster.

Perfect For You
Superboy and the Invisible Girl
So Anyway
from Next to Normal

Andrew Carr, guitar

Tom Kitt
(1974-)

To part is such sweet sorrow...Oh, goodness me
from Die Fledermaus

Johann Strauss II
(1825 - 1899)

Translations

Der Einsame

The Solitary One

Wenn meiner Grillen
Schwirren bei Nacht am
spät erwärmten Herd,
Dann sitz ich mit vergnügtem
Sinn, vertraulich zu der
Flamme hin, so leicht, so
unbeschwert.

Fun trautes stilles Stündchen
bleibt man noch gern am
Feuer wach.

Man schürt wenn sich die
lohe senkt, die Funken auf,
und sinnt und denkt: nin
adermal ein Tag!

Was liebes oder Leides sein
Lauf für uns daher
gebracht, Es geht noch
einmal durch den Sinn;
allein das Böse wirft man
hin, es störe nicht die
Nacht.

Zu einem frohen Traume
bereitet man gemach sich
zu, wenn sorgelos ein
holdes Bild, mit sanfter
Lust die Seele füllt, ergibt
man sich der Ruh.

O wie ich mir gefallen in
meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!

Was in dem Schwarm der
lauten Welt das irre Herz

When my crickets chirp late
at night by the burning
hearth,

Then I sit with a pleased
mind, cozily by the flame,
so easy, so carefree.

A cozy and quiet little hour
still gladly remains alertly
by the fire

One stokes, when the flame
sinks to embers, the
sparks fly atop, and
thinks, and thinks: Now
again another day!

Whatever love or sorrow is
brought to, Runs through
my mind once more;
however the bad throws
away, it may not disturb
the night.

For a happy dream prepares
one unhurriedly, when a
lovely carefree image with
gentle pleasure fills the
soul, it yields one to
rest.

O how it pleases me in my
still, rustic life!

What in the swarm of the
land the world misleads

gefesselt hält, gibt nicht
Zufriedenheit.

Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen,
in meiner Klause, eng
und klein.

Ich duld euch gern: ihr stört
mich nicht,

wenn euer Lied das
Schweigen bricht, bin ich
nicht ganz allein.

my heart and holds it in
shackles, it does not give
me contentment.

Chirp always, dear
house-crickets, in my cell,
narrow and small.

I tolerate you gladly: you
disturb me not,

when your song breaks the
silence, I am not entirely
alone.

Neue Liebe New Love

In dem Mondenschein im
Walde

Sah ich jüngst die Elfen
reiten,

Ihre Hörner hört ich klingen.

Ihre Glöcklein hört ich läuten.

Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen
Gold'ne Hirschgeweih und
flogen

Rasch dahin; wie wilde
Schwäne

Kam es durch die Luft
gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die
Königin,

Lächelnd im Vorüberreiten.

Galt das meiner neuen
Liebe?

Oder soll es Tod bedeuten!

In the moonlit forest,

I watched the elves a-riding,

I heard their horns sound.

I heard their bells ring.

Their white horses with
golden antlers, flew on

Swiftly, like white swans

Travelling through the air.

The queen nodded at me and
smiled,

Smiled, as she rode
overhead;

Was it because of my new
love?

Or does it mean death?

Wie unglücklich bin ich nit How Unhappy Am I Not

Wie unglücklich bin ich nit,
Wie schmachkend sind
meine Tritt'

Wenn ich mich nach dir

How unhappy am I not,
how weak are my footsteps

how I myself after you direct.

Nur die Seufzer trösten mich, Just you sigh comfort mine,

Alle Schmerzen häufen sich, all pain piles on themselves,
Wenn ich auf dich gedenke. how I of you think.

Vedrai, carino, se sei buonino,	You will see, my dear if you are good
Che bel rimedio, ti voglio dar!	the cure, I have for you!

È naturale, non dà disgusto,
E lo speziale non lo sa far,
no.

It's natural, not disgusting,
and the specialist can't
prescribe.

È un certo balsam ch'io porto
addosso,
Dare tel posso, se il vuoi
provar.

It's a certain balm I carry
with me,
which I can give you, if you
dare.

Saper vorresti dove mi sta? You want to know where I keep it?

Sentilo battere, toccami qua! Then feel it beating, touch me here!

Quando verrà quel di	When will that day come
Che riveder potrò	That I can see you again
Quel che l'amante cor tanto	That loving heart I so desire?
desia?	

Quando verrà quel di	When will that day come
Que in sen t'accoglieró	When I receive your embrace
Bella fiamma d'amor, anima	Beautiful flame of love, My
mia!	soul!

Qui sempre ride il cielo,	Here heaven always laughs,
qui verde ognor la fronda,	here there is green on every branch,
qui del ruscello l'onda	here the brook and the wave
dolce mi scorre al pie;	sweetly flow at the foot;

ma questo suol non e la
Patria mia.

Qui nell'azzurro flutto
sempre si specchia il
sole;

i gigli e le viole crescono
intorno a me;

ma questo suol non e la
Patria mia.

Le vergini son vaghe come le
fresche rose.

Che al loro crin compose
amor pegno di fe'; Ma
questo suol non e la
Patria mia.

Nell'Itale contrade e una citta
Regina; la Ligure marina
sempre le bagna il pie';

La ravvisate, ell'e la Patria
mia.

but this soil is not my
homeland.

Here in the blue waves
always mirrors the sun;

the lilies and the violets grow
around me;

but this soil is not my
homeland.

The maidens are lovely like a
fresh rose.

Which is placed in their hair
as a pledge of fidelity;
but this soil is not my
homeland.

In the Italian districts is a
queen city; the Liguarian
marina always wets the
foot;

if you recognize it, it is my
homeland.

Pastorello d'un povero armento The Shepherd of a Poor Herd

Pastorello d'un povero
armento

pur dorme contento,
sotto l'ombra d'un faggio o
d'alloro.

Io d'u regno monarca
fastoso,

non trovo riposo,

Sotto l'ombra di porpora e
d'oro.

The shepherd of a poor herd

may sleep contently,
beneath the shade of a
laurel.

I, the king of the majestic
realm,

find no peace,

beneath the shade of purple
and gold.

Mandoline Mandolin

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écousteuses

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who

Échangent des propos fades	listen Exchange not interesting words
Sous les ramures chanteuses.	Under the singing branches.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,	There's Thyrsis and there's Amyntas
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,	And there is the eternal Clytander,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte	and there is Damis, who for many a
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre. Leurs courtes vestes de soie,	cruel woman, wrote many tender verses. Their short jackets of silk,
Leurs longues robes à queues,	Their long dresses with trains,
Leur élégance, leur joie	their elegance, their joy
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,	and their soft shadow blue,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase	Whirl around in ecstasy
D'une lune rose et grise,	A moon pink and gray,
Et la mandoline jase	And the mandolin plays foolishly
Parmi les frissons de brise.	Among the shivers of the breeze.
La la la...	La la la...

C Cé

J'ai traverse les ponts de Cé	I have crossed the bridges of Cé
C'est la que tout a commencé	It is there that it all began
Une chanson des temps passés	A song of days gone by
Parle d'un chevalier blessé	Tells the tale of a wounded knight
D'une rose sur la chaussée,	Of a rose on the carriage
Et d'un corsage délacé	And an unlaced bodice
Du chateau d'un duc insensé,	Of the castle of a made duke
Et des cygnes dans les fossés	And the swans on the moats

De la prairie ou vient danser	Of the meadow where from dancing
Une éternelle fiancée	comes an eternal betrothed loved
Et j'ai bu comme un lait glacé,	And I drank like iced milk
Le long lai des glories faussées	The long lay of false glories
La Loire emporte mes pensées	The Loire carries my thoughts away
Avec les voitures versées	With the overturned cars
Et les armes désamorcées	And the weapons unprimed
Et les larmes mal effacées	And the ill-dried tears
O ma France, ô ma délaissée;	Oh my France, Oh my forsaken;
J'ai traversé les point de Cé.	I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

Air de Phryné Phryne's Aria

Un soir, j'errais sur le rivage	One evening, I wandered on the shore
Rêvant de vivre en ton doux esclavage	Dreaming of living in your sweet servitude
Près d'un temple où tu fais séjour	Near a temple where you do stay
Ô reine de beauté, je te sentais présente	O queen of beauty I felt you present
Si doux était l'adieu de l'heure finissante	So sweet was the farewell of the waning hours!
Si pur était le ciel aux feux mourant du jour!	So pure heaven was dying fires of day!
Bientôt, tranquille et dédaigneuse	Soon quietly disdainful
Folâtrait la baigneuse,	Frolicked the bather
Mes longs cheveux flottaient,	My long hair floated
Des zephyrs caressés	Zephyrs caressed
Les halcyons passaient	The halcyons passed
Alanguis et lassés	Languid and tired
Tout-à-coup retentit ton grand nom, Aphrodite;	It all sounded thy great name, Aphrodite
Ainsi me saluaient, étonnée, interdite,	And greeted me, astonished, confused,

Les pêcheurs abusés dont les
dieux s'égayaient
Excuse leur démente!
Ils m'avaient aperçue et c'est
toi qu'ils voyaient,
Comme en ce premier jour,
où dans ta gloire
immense,
Ton beau corps ruisselant
des pleurs du flot a mer
Tu t'élevais superbe
au-dessus de la mer.

Abused fishermen whose
gods cheered
Excuse their madness!
They had seen me and it's
you they saw
As on the first day, in which
your great glory,
Your beautiful body dripping
tears of bitter flood
You were lifted up above the
beautiful sea.

Ombra di Nube Shadow of a Cloud

Era il ciel un arco azzurro di
fulgor
Chiara luce si versava sul
mio cuor.
Ombra di nube, non mi
offuscare
Della vita non velarmi la
belta.

The sky was a blue arc of
radiant splendor
Bright light poured on my
heart.
Shadow of a cloud, do not
obscure me
Not from the beauty of a
veiled life.

La fioraia fiorentina The Flower Girl of Florence

I più bei fior
comprate fanciulli, amanti e
spose son fresche le mie
rose, non spiran che
l'amor. Ahime! Soccorso,
implora mia madre
poveretta, e da me sola
aspetta del pan e non
dell'or.

The most beautiful flowers
you can buy, children,
lovers, and newlyweds: my
roses are fresh, they don't
die like love does. Alas!
Help, implores my poor
little mother, from me
she hopes only for bread
and not for gold.